Mezclah '12

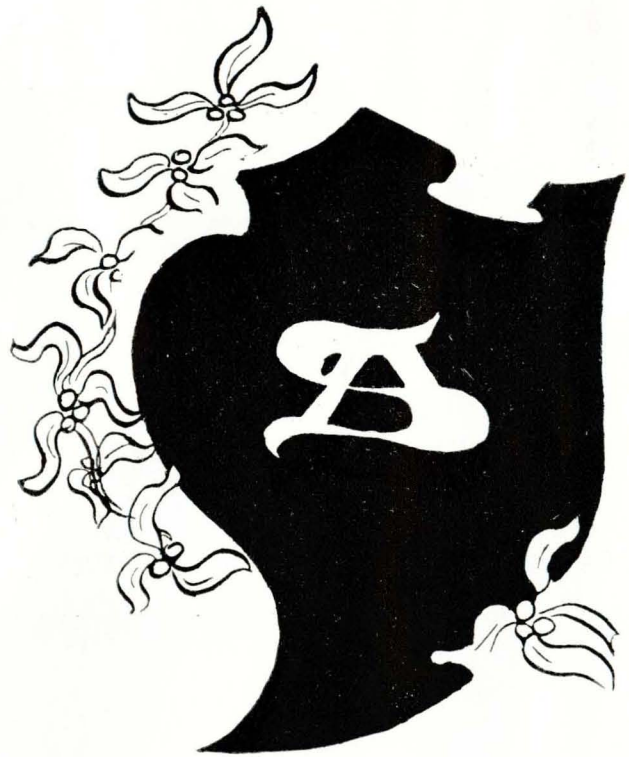
THE MEZCLAH

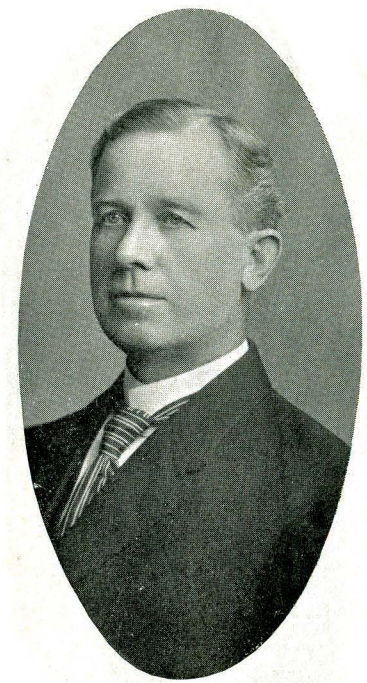
1912

EDITED BY THE STUDENTS OF

ARMIJO UNION HIGH SCHOOL

FAIRFIELD - - - CALIFORNIA





MR. J. H. FIREHAMMER

To

Julius H. Firehammer

For six years the untiring friend
and helper of all the students

We dedicate this issue of the Mezclah



MISS BYRD HOWELL



MR. J. H. FIREHAMMER



MR. IRVIN PASSMORE, Principal



MISS ANNA MORGAN



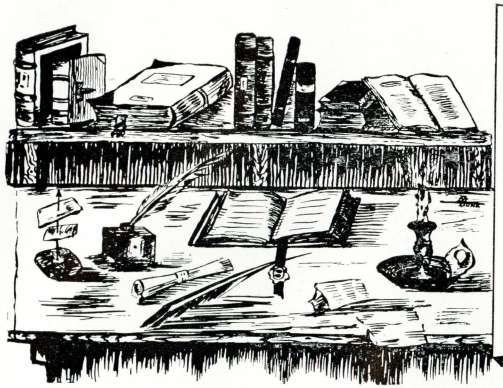
MISS DOROTHY DOYLE

THE FACULTY. 1911-12

TO MOTHER ARMIJO

Oh! Mother Armijo, ring out your bell!
These last four years, how well does time recall
But in our memory we will enthrall
Those golden days of which no pen can tell.
To lessons learned we toll a parting knell.
Within your sacred portals build a wall
Inscribe upon it names sixteen in all,
The class of twelve, they bid you fond farewell,—
How soon into the world they go alone.
Oh! Alma Mater, how they'll miss your charm.
Your guiding hand, your stern but righteous rule.
You never failed to aid, to lend your arm,
When discord came to mar your sacred tone.
And now farewell, old Armijo High School!

THERESE McCOEY.



EDITORIAL

FAIRFIELD, CAL. JUNE, 1912

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BUSINESS MANAGER ..... STEWART BROWN

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ATHLETICS ..... LOUIS BORGES

ORGANIZATIONS ..... INA CAMPBELL

ALUMNI ..... NELLIE PEABODY

EXCHANGES ..... HARRY JOHNSTONE

JOSHES ..... MARSHALL WOOLNER

EDITORIAL

This is the first venture along literary lines in our high school for three years and its success can not be foretold. As representative of the fresh start a new name was taken, "The Mezclah". But the unfamiliarity of the work and the lack of support given by the students have made the struggle a hard one The enterprise has not met with the expected enthusiasm. The students had apparently not yet awakened from the apathy into which they had fallen during the three years of inactivity, and the proper support was not forthcoming. An awakening of school spirit has, however, come with the raising of the schools athletic standard in track and baseball and basketball. Another step forward was made in the formation of the literary societies encouraged by the splendid trophy offered by Mr. J. G. Heermance of Suisun.

"The Mezclah" wishes to thank the faculty in the name of the school not only for its hearty support and aid in editing the paper but also for its encouragement in the various other activities which Armijo has carried on durng the past year.

The activities which we hope will be continued and increased in 1913, have either been started this year or have been greatly improved. They have done a great deal towards reviving the school spirit, of which there was a deplorable lack at the begining of the school term. School spirit is such a valuable asset in any school that we are glad to be able to note its gradual growth during the past year and we feel that the Faculty deserves great credit because of its marked increase.

"SNUB"

"Wake up, Sis."

With these words, a tall, lanky youth unceremoniously tipped a hammock over, dumping a sleepy girl into the grass.

"Can't you see, I'm trying to sleep?" scrambling to her feet. "Jack Kingston, you'll be the death of me yet."

"I wouldn't get so all-fired mad about it, if I were you," this last teasingly. "Only thought you'd want your mail. You got five today."

"Five, oh goody," at the same time reaching for her letters.

"Oh, what's the rush?" Jack leisurely sorted them and continued, "Momsee got three, Dad got six and I only got one, and a bill at that."

"Oh, I see, sour grapes. Well, better luck tomorrow."

"Hope so. So long, Sis, enjoy your mail."

Anne Kingston dropped to the grass with a happy little laugh. "Isn't he a tease? But such a dear. Now let's see," musingly, "this is from Kate, this is a bid to the masquerade, this a bill and, Oh dear! a perfectly immense one from Harry; but this" —fingering the last letter curiously and screwing her face into a knot, "never saw the writing before, a man's, too. I wonder who it's from? Silly, open it, you'll never find out any other way."

She opened it and hastily and excitedly read the closely written pages. As she read, surprise, wonderment, awe and delight flitted across her expressive face. She sat very still, clutching the letter tightly, the others forgotten at her feet.

The letter called back many forgotten memories and, sitting there in the grass, she relived them. She was once more a chubby little girl of the mud-pie and doll house stage. A little freckled boy, likewise chubby, her devoted slave and master, always able assisted her in the difficult task of pie making and house-building, incidentally doing the heavy work while she bossed. Then she moved away; the parting was tearful and she left her playfellow brokenhearted. Then a long, long silence and now—a letter from the same chubby tad lay in her lap. She became instantly her excitable self and raced yelling to the house:

"Jack, Jack, come here!"

With a bound he was at her side inquiring: "For goodness' sake, Sis, now what's the matter? You'd wake the dead."

"Just think, Jack, I just got a letter from Bob Wesly,--dear old Bob," jumping and waving her hands.

"By jove, you don't say so. Bob Wesly of all people. You two used to be pretty thick, when you were kids, didn't you?"

"Thick! perfect shadows. I'm so tickled."

"I should think you would be. He's some class now, a Junior at U. C. Got his C this year. Frank West told me about him."

"I can't believe it, you know he just found out my address and had to write for old times' sake and wants me to answer," Anne explained breathlessly. "Oh, I'll have to tell Momsie and Oh dear, he used to call me 'Snub' and I him 'Freckles'."

"My, she's excited. I hope she won't make a fool of herself, she's so young and cute," Jack mused as he went whistling down the road.

Every week a letter came to Anne, a nice, long one, and one would always go back equally nice and long. These two old playmates always found so much to tell each other, found so many common interests that a meeting became absolutely necessary.

Bob soon announced that he was coming to make mud pies and play house again and to tell her many things personally.

As he swung off the train, a pretty, excited girl dressed in a most becoming costume, ran forward with the old cry, "Hello, Freckles."

"Why Snub, the same old Snub. I'm so glad to see you," Bob cried, wringing her hand in a fashion to suit the words.

"But you haven't any freckles," Anne cried laughingly.

They started down the road both takling to their hearts' content and such expressions as, "You remember the old playhouses Yes, under the porch; and those excellent mud pies, how good they tasted," floated back to the amused onlookers.

The time sped by all too quickly for Anne and Bob. They enjoyed every minute of it, talking, walking, reading, singing and even playing house and making mud pies.

At last the end came and they once more walked to the station.

"Say, Snub," he still called her that, "You're perfectly bully, never knew such a girl in my life and I can't tell you how glad I am that I wrote that first letter. Arn't you a little bit glad, too?" this last anxiously.

"Glad? Why of course, Freckles. And we're just as good chums as ever, aren't we? Took up our liking where we left it off years ago."

"Liking, yes, and perhaps something more. Can't you see, dear—"

"Oh, yes, lots," interrupting hastily "but let's not cross the bridge until we come to it, Freckles. I'm so—"

"Well, sometime, then, can't I?"

Just then the train pulled in and with a long handshake and a "Sometime then" from Bob, he was off. But each knew that sometime—most anything might happen.

R. C. F., '12.

HOW I TRIED TO SELL A BICYCLE

Two miles from home the other day, my bicycle was punctured by a nail lying in the road and I had nothing to do but walk the rest of the way home. Now walking several miles over a hot dusty road doesn't make one feel very good-natured, but nevertheless I grabbed the wheel by the handle bars and started to plow through the dust. When I had walked about a half a mile I stopped on a bridge to rest and a Japanese came along from the opposite direction, to whom I tried to sell the bicycle. This caused me some trouble. Remembering the rules of argumentation, which I had learned the year before in the Senior English Class, I promptly applied these principles to the sale of the bicycle and unhesitatingly approached my prospective buyer.

The "Jap" was an excellent example of the Mikado's subjects. Arrayed in yellow shirt, blue overalls and a small cap which set off a brownish yellow face of the ingrown variety, he struck me as a rather practical man and one to whom facts alone would appeal. Having cleared my throat several times, as all orators always do, I advanced to the edge of the bridge and began the attack.

"Sir, you see before you one of the best wheels that has ever been in this valley. It is composed of a Racycle frame, a mountable, detachable, corrugated, non-skid, clincher tires. It has a frame made from the best steel tubing, and as it has been in use only fifteen years it has proved its efficiency and perhaps will last fifteen more. The gear is one hundred and twenty three which will enable you to travel with lightning speed. The chain is made from Valadium steel and is warranted not to break, the handle bars are the improved spring type, peg top style."

I paused here a moment for breath while the "Jap" squatted down on the bridge and deftly rolled a cigarette. After placing said cigarette in his mouth he began to search through his pockets. Of course, thought I, he's going to get his money out; but after a while he walked up to me and uttered a series of words and phrases which would have run a Latin student wild. After much jabering and many jestures, Ifinally decided that he didn't want the wheel just yet but wished a match. Having taken this necessary article he squatted down and proceeded to coat his lungs with nicotine by inhalation of the deadly cigarette smoke. I then once more proceeded with my arguments.

"The ball-bearings of this machine run easily and if you apply axle-grease, graphite and other lubricants the mechanical advantage will be great. I also wish to call attention to the excellent coloring of this bicycle; the manufacturer stated that it had twenty-three coats of baked enamel and since I bought it I have given it ten more." Remembering that I should close forciblby I continued, "You should buy this wheel because, firstly, it is a good bargain, secondly, you will regret it for the rest of your life if you do not buy it, thirdly, never again, will you have an opportunity to invest so well and where the returns will be so great."

I now thought that I had firmly convinced him that the bicycle was a bargain and that he would immediately pass over the amount asked, which was about three times as much as the wheel was worth. Instead of doing this, he merely said "No sabe" and walked away. Slightly surprised I continued on my way firmly convinced firstly, that something was wrong with the arguments, the wheel or the Japanese; secondly, that never again would I argue with an Oriental whose skull has reached that stage of ossification that apt and convincing arguments and facts could not penetrate it.

M. W., '12.

MY PIE PLANT

Last Spring I took a tiny seed
No bigger than a minute—
To look at it you'd never guess
A pie lived deep within it.

Down in the dirt I dug a hole
And put this seed to bed,
Then with my shiny garden rake
I covered up its head.

All summer long this big green vine
Has climbed around the yard,
Till father said to dig it up—
But then I begged so hard.

It stayed and grew and now you see
A pumpkin bright and yellow,
All thanks I'll give to Grandma's skill
For the pie so richly mellow.

H. P., '13.

APPLE PIE

If all the world were apple pie,
Oh! Love, what would I do?
No time, would be, for me to sigh,
No time to think of you.

Ah, me! I'd have no time to smile
Nor e'en a line to send;
I'd have to summon every wile
This world of pie to mend.

I tried to climb a mountain high,—
The crust, with me, went down,
Up to my chin I sank in pie
And on me you did frown.

Oh! Apple pie was everywhere
But not a thing to drink,
I could not draw a breath of air,
I sank beneath the brink.

I woke; my dream it fled from sight
And left me really weak;
Henceforth with apple pie at night
I'll not play hide-and-seek.

M. W., '14.

A TALE OF THE THIRD CRUSADE

It was at the time of the third crusade, 1189-1192, which was the most interesting and significant of all the crusades, for its leaders were among the most important personages of the world. Frederick Barbarossa of Germany, Philip Augustus of France and Richard I of England; with them were many noble knights of the individual countries.

Richard I of England was such a renowned and noble character that he had no trouble in mustering a body of knights, one of which was the noble knight Quoris. At this time Quoris, in great favor with Richard, was a notable figure about the court, taking an active part in all social activities, and was considered one of Richard's dearest friends.

Quoris was talking gayly to a number of court ladies, one of whom was Lady Marie Conrad, a very important lady at court. Lady Marie was a conspicuously beautiful girl about nineteen years old, and to her Quoris was betrothed. All in the company knew of the marriage, which, as they thought, was soon to take place. The affair was the latest court gossip and light jests passed slyly from lip to lip.

A rumor had spread around the court that Richard himself was to grace the event with his presence, and would give Quoris upon his wedding morn a large estate, as a reward for the latters' unwavering loyalty to him in occasional quarrels with John, Richard's half brother. For Prince John would have been glad at any time to get rid of his noble kinsman, and usurp the throne. Unfortunately for the English people, John's wishes were complied with all too soon.

The members of the gay company were still laughing and chatting together, when a messenger came up and lightly tapped Quoris on the shoulder. At sight of the messenger, Quoris immediately knew him to be from good King Richard for whom he would gladly stake his life. Taking his leave of the company, Quoris departed with the messenger.

Reaching the king's palace in a few minutes, the messenger stopped before the entrance and directed Quoris to go in, saying that he would find Richard awaiting him.

Wondering and curious, he tried to think of a reason for Richard's summons, whether it meant more trouble with John, or some long siege or expedition to redeem the Holy Land, for it had already reached the ears of England that Saladin of Egypt held Jerusalem in his possession. Quoris hoped that the call was the former rather than the latter cause, as he disliked the idea of leaving the attractive Marie Conrad. He would rather enjoy a quarrel with John, for the prince had been paying Marie much attention, to Quoris' great displeasure.

He reached Richard s chamber and was admitted immediately, as the king knew the footsteps of his friend. Richard greeted him cordially, and bade the servants retire from the room, that he might hold private conference with Quoris.

After speaking of the late rumor that had reached the court concerning Saladin, Richard told Quoris that he wanted to induce the Sovereigns of other countries to join with him in a crusade to the Holy Land. In the undertaking he would also need the aid of the best of his knights, of whom Quoris was first. The king regretted that he was compelled to ask such a task of Quoris, owing to his wedding that was so soon to take place, but if it could be delayed until his return he promised Quoris a fine title and a great tract of land.

Quoris left the palace sore at heart to think of having to say goodbye to the lovely Marie. He had agreed to everything, fearing to displease the fiery-tempered Richard, who might then bestow Lady Conrad upon John whom he knew to be intensely fond of her. For several days the knight was absent from court and Marie began to wonder if he really did care for her any more. But shortly before they started, Marie met Quoris in the Palace garden. Here he related all he knew of the expedition, begged her to be true to him, and gave her a locket which she received tearfully, saying she would cherish it to the end of her days. But alas!—she soon forgot her promise when Quoris was gone.

The following morning Quoris appeared, equipped for the trip, took a last fond farewell of Marie, and hurried away.

Matters had been carefully arranged by the sovereigns. For

three months expeditions had been equipped, and for the first time in all history, England and France united for the same purpose. Frederick Barbarossa undertook the overland route to the Holy Land, but soon met with hordes of fierce Turks who used their swords freely on his men. Then, in crossing a swollen stream the Emporer himself was drowned and his men either died or returned home, disheartened by the loss of their leader.

Richard and Philip took the sea route and finally mustered their forces beneath the walls of Acre not far from Palastine. Here was waged one of the most terrifying seiges of the whole crusade. Saladin, the king of Egypt, at last agreed to a three year's truce, and Richard left for home with his few followers among them Quoris. Soon, however, Quoris left the king and started home by way of the Mediterranean.

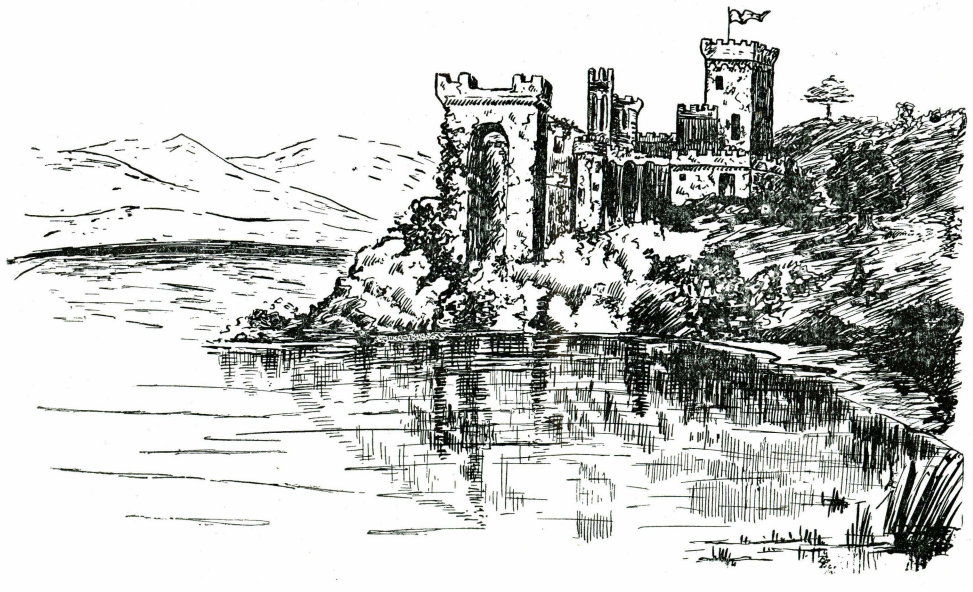
But to go back to the time of the departure of Quoris. John soon grasped the opportunity to make love to Marie and courted her at the tournaments and court festivities. Marie, soon after a year, apparently forgot Quoris and was seen frequently in John's company while he poured into her ears glowing descriptions of the social position and great wealth he could give her. For, he concluded, Richard would never return or Quoris either, and he would be sole heir to the throne. Finally after a number of years had passed and what John had said seemed verified, the prince's constant pleading had its effect, and Marie Conrad agreed to marry him.

In the meantime, however, rumors were heard of Richard, who was said to be hiding in ambuscade, ready at any time to seize his throne. At last Richard met John, and the people, overwhelmed with joy at seeing him once more, soon expelled John from the throne and Richard became king.

But Quoris had not returned and no word had been heard of him. One day Marie Conrad sought an interview with Richard and asked him about Quoris. As they were talking a guard announced a person at the palace gate wishing admittance Richard ordered him to be brought to him and as he saw the haggard man he recognized Quoris. His ship had been lost at sea and after all these weary years of hardship and wandering he had just returned.

Quoris and Marie soon met and she repented her faithlessness. Before long the people of the court witnessed a great function, celebrated with all the pomp and glory of the time. John was expelled from the country and Marie never spoke of him again.

E. B., '14



ONLY AN ORPHAN

"Hi there! whoa!" And with a parting shout and a hasty scrambble, "Old Joe" jumped down from the old town coach and entered the Jacksonville poor-house.

As he shut the gate with a sharp click, and turned his eyes in the direction of the grounds surrounding the poor-house, even his uncultured mind was aware of the bareness of the place. Not a tree was visible, unless one would call the charred remains of the Old Oak, a tree. Not even a shrub changed the monotony of the scenery.

"But the house itself is not so bad," he reflected. "All she needs is a coat o' paint and a little proppin' on the east piazza."

His thoughts were interrupted by someone singing a true southern melody.

"I's gwine away--away--aw-ay--" the words ended in a sob, and Old Joe turning around the corner of the house saw a pitiful figure, clothed in a hideous blue print apron, with her head bawed in her arms, sobbing as if her heart would break.

Not until then did Old Joe realize the seriousness of his mission, for he had been sent by the town board to take little Jessica Carr away from the poor-house to the home of James Livingstone, the richest man in Jacksonville, a power in the commercial world, a man whose name was spoken by common people with awe. Yes--he was going to adopt Jessica Carr, who had been under the care of the town for years. Yes--certainly it was the beginning of a new life for Jessica.

"Why, Jessica! what's the matter wif you? Shoally you am glad youse gwine away?" the old darky questioned.

The forlorn figure raised her head and sobbed, "Oh Joe! you don't understand, really you don't,—it's because I'm glad, Oh. so glad!. Why, Joe, don't you see I'm going where someone will love me? But I do love these peoplpe, they are so helpless, so discontented, so distrustful, Oh, so distrustful of each other. Sometimes I think I shouldn't go"

"Why, Jessica, of course youse gwine. It's too skeery looking round heah for you, honey," he said patting her head affectionately. "Come on! Is youse ready now?"

"Oh! yes, quite ready," and a smile replaced her recent frown of discontentment. "All that I have is ready."

She soon came running to the coach, bringing her small bundle of clothes from the poor-house, with an old-fashioned bonnet completely hiding her winsome face and dark curls. It was with tear-filled eyes that she waved her last farewell to the inmates of the poor-house.

The coach drew near its destination, and Jessica looking from its dusty window uttered an exclamation of awe as she first saw the massive stone house that was to be her home; in all her secluded life in the poor-house she had neither seen nor read of anything as beautiful as this. But the grounds! What a contrast the well kept lawns and beautiful palms and fountains were to the ill-kept, barren grounds of the poor-house.

As she entered the great hall and climbed the great stairway at the servant's direction her awe left her. For was she not coming here to be loved? Was the old man not to be her father? Yes, she had at last come to her own—that which in all her lonely life she had wished for: she was to be loved. Always in her mind came the picture of an old man with a kindly smile and wistful eyes; she saw herself always hovering near him, caring for him with the love only a daughter would show. So gradually her feeling of awe left her and she wished now only to be near the old man she was to love so much.

But she had been in the man's home three days, the home of the man she was to love as her fathr. and as yet she had received no sign—no word of welcome—only the cold stares of the servants who seemed to shrink from her, the child of the poor. Her heart felt cold but she still looked forward with happy expectancy to the day when she would be called to him. She did so wish for this day of days—she felt that her life depended upon his loving her.

It was in the midst of these thoughts that Janette, her maid, opened the door and with more than ordinary loftiness announced:

"The master wishes to see you."

The magic message had come at last. With trembling fingers she changed her dress and put on a soft white one which had been a present from the old man, for she must look her best.

It was indeed a sweet picture which the mirror reflected,—a picture of a young girl with a winsome face, earnest blue eyes, cheeks pink with excitement,—a picture indeed to win the heart of any one.

At last she was there. Noiselessly she entered the room; it was so dark and dreary, but her face lighted up as she saw the face of the man in a huge chair by the window. He was the man of her dreams—the same kindly smile, the same wistful eyes—but his cheeks were sunken as if by sorrow rather than sickness. She knew instantly that she loved him, would love him always.

"Good morning," she eaid tremblingly, "you wished to see me?"

"Come here child, you have been crying?" he said as he drew her closer.

"Yes," she whispered, ashamed of her confession. Then she broke down completely. "I'm so lonesome, oh! so lonesome. Must it be so always?? Must I have no one—no one to talk to?—Oh! say it will not be so—"

"Why child, child," his eyes too were misty now. "You too are lonesome? Are you not treated well?"

"Oh! yes, they give me everything—everything except what I want most of all. Oh! don't you see I want someone to love me?"

The old man's thoughts flew back to a few weeks before when his only living relative, a splendid young man of twenty, had left him all alone, to go across the ocean. It was not until then that the old man had thought of adopting a daughter; then he had written the younger man of his plans eagerly awaiting a sympathetic reply. Instead he had received a hasty, angry letter, calling his plans"an old man's foolishness"and telling him that while the girl remained the younger man would never again enter the house of his uncle. But what the older man did not know was that even then the younger man was hurrying to him, instantly regretting his hasty letter.

Mr. Livingstone quickly dismissed his thoughts of his nephew and turned his attention to the waiting child. He promised her some one to talk with, but disliking the thought of another child in the house, he suggested that she make friends with her maid, Janette.

With a light heart and a care-free smile she left the old man and went to her room. She earnestly tried to make friends with her maid, but Janette scorned the attempts of Jessica, distinctly showing she did not wish to be friends with her.

"Why, you are only an orphan from the poor-house, come to amuse the master," she said, little guessing the effect the words would have on Jessica.

"Come to amuse the master," gasped Jessica—"Come to amuse the master. Why, Janette, he sent for me because he wanted some one to love."

"Fie! to love you—why he does not love you—does not even care to love you—you—you wretch—you have tried to take his love from Walter, the master's nephew. You with your pretty face and piteous whining for love. Yes, you have driven away him whom the master loved."

Poor Jessica fell across the bed sobbing, for indeed the world had changed and in so short a time. From a dream of a rosy-colored future of supreme happiness in the old man's love she woke to find she was here to amuse him. "Amuse," how hateful the word seemed! She could not live here now, knowing that she was to amuse him. Yes, she must go immediately. She arose and mechanically took off her pretty soft clothing and again donned the garments of the poor-house.

Noiselessly she crept down the velvety carpeted stairs, for no one must know she was going. There must be no mocking servants to watch her departure; she must go alone, alone and unloved back to the poor-house.

But what was that? The sharp, quick footsteps of some one coming—a servant, perhaps. But no! as she turned the bend in the stairs and saw the figure of a tall broad-shouldered young man she knew it was no servant, but Walter, the old man's nephew, come to reclaim the old man's love.

As he approached, he burst into a hearty laugh. Who was this grotesque figure clad in the hideous, blue-print with a large, old-fashioned bonnet completely hiding her face?

"Oh! where are you going, my pretty maid?" he said laughingly."

"Oh don't! don't!" she sobbed, "don't laugh—I'm going back"—

"Back where?" he interrupted, but he instantly regretted his question as she raised her head and he saw for the first time the unquestionably beautiful face framed in a mass of dark curls.

The question was never answered for with masculine authority he said, "Of course you are not going back. You are going to go to uncle—for I know he loves you—come, we must hurry."

Together they climed the stairs leading to the old man's room, together they opened the door and came to the old man's side and as they were folded eagerly in the old man's clasp, Jessica knew indeed that she had come into her own forever."

OLEMA McCLEOD, '14.

CAUGHT IN QUICKSAND

Two men in hunting costumes, each with a rifle on his shoulder, had just waded across Alm creek with the aid of large rocks and bits of firm sandy bottom.

The younger walked slightly in advance of the other as they came upon what appeared to be a narrow but unusually hard, smooth beach. Suddenly he stumbled slightly and came to an abrupt stop, crying, "Look out!"

"What's the matter?" asked the other, stepping up to his side.

He needed no answer for he also stopped in the same queer fashion. The two clutched each other convulsively for they both understood the trap into which they had fallen.

"See if you can't step back," said the younger of the two, a tall, slender, pleasant looking fellow scarcely more than a boy.

It was he who had stepped into the peculiar position first.

The other a shorter, heavier built man, strong and wiry looking in appearance, made an effort to lift first one foot and then the other, but only succeeded in sinking them both deeper into the treacherous harmless-looking sand.

"I can't budge either foot," he panted. "See what you can do?"

"The boy tried also but his feet seemed held in a soft vise.

"It's no use," he said. And then with a sudden look of terror exclaimed, "Look! It's up to my knees." His lips twitched and drops of perspiration stood out upon his forehead.

"It's up to my knees," said the other, "Something's pulling at my feet." His voice almost a shriek, "Let me go; It's pulling me down."

The boy had straightened himself up, and as he watched his companion the look of terror in his own face changed and a determined look into his eyes. Grasping the other by the arm and shaking him roughly, he said: "Stop that; we must'nt lose our nerve now, we've got to think quickly. We're sinking deeper every second we stand here. This is no time for a baloon ascension, but keep your nerve."

"That's right," agreed the older man, controlling himself with an effort. "Gee," he added, passing his hand over his forehead, "I nearly lost my head for a minute."

"Don't give up," encouraged the other, "there ought to be some way out of this."

"Look here," he exclaimed after thinking a moment. "We're a couple of fools. These rifles are weighing us down."

They both tossed their guns and all other articles of any weight, including their coats and hats, upon the bank in front of them, which was of good, solid ground, and hardly twelve feet away. Their faces wore troubled looks as they thought that they might not be able to reach it again.

Their gaze wandered from the grass covered banks to the fields and the hills and woods beyond. The shadows of the tall trees were lengthening out across the grass as the sun sank lower and lower. About two miles off they could see the smoke rising straight up trough the still air, disclosing to them the location of the little village of Cottonwood, towards which they had been returning and which they might never see again.

The scene had never looked so beautiful before and they were determined more than ever to extricate themselves.

Something must be done, already the sand had reached their knees.

"Good heavens, isn' there something we can do?" said the older man, beginning to struggle again.

"Maybe you can lift me out," said the other. "You are pretty strong. If I could get over to the bank I could hand you one of the guns and pull you out."

Without a word the shorter man grasped the other about the legs straining every muscle until the perspiration stood out on his face. But he could do nothing in his awkward position and only succeeded in burying his own feet deeper.

"No use," he said straighening up, "I can't budge you." Then his face brightened up. I've got an idea that might save us," he said. "There's no use in both of us going under if one can be saved, is there?"

"No, I suppose not," answered the boy.

"Well then," continued the other, "This is the idea, if one of us threw himself forward on the sand the other could probably climb over him and jump to the bank. Its a chance that the one who acts as the budge is a sure goner, but we will both go in a few minutes if we don't try something.

"I see," said the younger a little coldly. "But who's going?"

"I'm not asking you to do it," said the other roughly. We'll toss a coin for it. We're wasting valuable time."

"All right," agreed the younger, "I'm game if you think it's the only way for one of us to be saved."

"Have you any better idea to offer?"

"No."

"Then come on."

They both felt in their pockets for coins.

"I was always pretty lucky at any kind of gambling," muttered the older man.

There was no more to be said and each drew a coin from his pocket, tossed it into the air and caught it between closed hands.

"Heads," said the boy calmly.

The other excitedly opened his trembling hands and looked. His coin had fallen heads up and his face paled.

"I win," shouted the boy.

"Yes, you win," said the other grimly, as he carelessly dropped his own coin into the sand.

They eyed each other for a moment and then the loser said, "All right, I'll make good." With that he threw himself forward and lay on his face in the qquicksand.

The younger boy was surprised at the other's sudden movement and was backward about using his body as a bridge as had been agreed upon.

"Come on, you aren't afraid are you?" said the other.

But the boy did not move.

To the surprise of the other who lay face downward he sank no lower and he finally urged the boy to attempt his own rescue.

With great difficulty he succeeded in prying one foot from the vise-like grip of the sand and placed it upon his companion's back. He then threw himself forward and succeeded in extricating the other.

Quickly he jumped to the bank and grasping a gun by by the barrel he handed the stock to his companion.

The latter had not been sinking very rapidly and was only slightly imbedded. He grasped the gun stock firmly and with renewed strength the boy succeedd in dragging him to the bank.

"Great God! what a close shave," exclaimed the boy as they looked at each other and silently clasped hands.

They remained so a moment and then picking up their belongings went silently on their way to Cottonwood.

L. B., '12.

MODERN TIMES AND THE NICKEL

We have wireless telegraphy,
We float on land and sea,
And we play our new piano
With touching of the key.

The belly-ache we used to have,
'Tis 'pendicitis now;
And we get our creamy butter
From the milking of the cow.

Modern times have come to stay,
And love will always come this way;
No matter if the mint shuts down
We get our nickels from the same old town.

RAY CONNELLY, '14.

THE WRONG THEORY

My favorite hero has always been Sherlock Holmes. I have studied him deeply and longed, secretly, for a chance to put him into practice. Then last summer in our suburban home I knew my chance had come.

We began to miss supplies from our larder. Little things, the last of a roll of butter, a few eggs, etc., we hardly noticed at first but it soon became too marked to be passed by.

Naturally, my first suspicions fell upon Katie. Katie was our cook, a fat damsel we had had for some time and whom we had hitherto trusted implicitly. I hesitated to confide my suspicions to my wife, but I concluded that the matter touched her almost as closely as me.

"My dear," said she disapprovingly, "don't anger Katie unnecessarily. You know she is so muscular and has a bad temper."

I decided not to confide my theories to my wife and more. Privately I thought it best to be discrete. I am not a large man. Besides Katie was a good cook and we should hate to lose her.

Larger articles began to disappear. One morning, before I left for work my wife missed a half sack of flour.

"Katie," I said tactfully, "What do you know of this?" Katie began to dissolve in tears. Being tender hearted I hastily closed the subject, leaving my wife to cope with her.

By evening I had decided that the faithful Katie was innocent. But who was the guilty person? My hero, Sherlock, always seemed to pick out the most improbable person for the object of his suspicions. Our next door neighbor Jones, was about as unlikely as any one, so I determined to turn my attentions to him. Still, I must be careful, for I have noticed that some people are unreasonably angry if they are unjustly accused.

Jones had showed me once a wonderful patent, warranted to open anything from a sardine can to a strong box. Might he not have broken into our kitchen and made his getaway with the desired articles more than once? It didn't seem to make any difference to Jones; he kept coming over just the same, but I could see that he grew embarrassd under my close scrutiny. He must be guilty. I hated to say anything about it to Jones, though, I always liked him, so I kept putting it off and putting it off until finally the last straw came in the disappearance of the turtles.

We are very fond of turtle soup and a friend, knowing this, had sent us two fine specimens which we were saving for our Sunday dinner. Imagine our disappointment when they disappeared. A vain search followed which lasted into the night and we retired, I fully resolved not to stand for such outrages any longer. I lay awake for a long time thinking how I could broach the subject to Jones without hurting his feelings when suddenly I heard loud screms from the attic, where Katie's room was.

"Ouch! Ouch! Catch 'em Catch 'em! came to me as I hurriedly went to the rescue. Something tripped me up violently as I entered the room. The turtles were scuttling about and Katie was huddled on top of the bed praying to the saints. I really felt sorry for Katie although I learned she had been making quite a little income off her stolen goods. She left next day and Jones and I are still good friends. I haven't tried anything in the detective line lately.

A. R. '12.



FOUR SENIORS AND THEIR "CHAP"

Four maidens fair of the Senior class
To a track meet went one day;
They were Annabel, Alice, Edith and Ruth,
And their spirits were high and gay.

The St. Vincent Hotel in Vallejo town
Was to harbor these charming four;
Adjoining rooms fell to their lot,
In advance they were written for.

The lunch was late and the lunch was cold,
But what cared four such maids?
On pleasure bent, all things were fun:
Cold soup, or pink lemonade.

Into one room the Seniors dumped
Their grips and oped them wide,
The "Chap" could find no room for hers,
No matter how hard she tried.

An auto took them to the meet
And brought them back again,
And glad were they that they could ride,
Not walk like common men.

But it was dark when they returned,
The switch could not be found,
Each button that they saw they pressed,
'Twas dark still all around.

But soon a knock upon the door
Told of the porter's coming,
And scamperings within the room
Announced the girls were running.

The door was then flung open wide
By the watchful Chaperone;
"Ice water, please," was all she said,
In a haughty, frigid tone.

On his return he found the switch,
The lights blazed forth in power;
And all was peaceful then and calm
For at least a quarter-hour.

'A spread must end the evening's fun,"
Was the verdict of them all;
So straightway they did shopping go
Ere this thought they could recall.

So oranges and macaroons,
Cream puffs and mocha cake,
Cream cheese and lady locks they bought,
And to their rooms did take.

At dinner in the dining room
A bull dog wandered in,
"Does this dog bite?" Ray Connelly asked;
He was squelched by the waitress thin.

Then soon unto the dance they went,
They must not miss a thing;
When that was o'er, at the banquet hall
Did their merry voices ring.

At two o'clock that Sunday morn,
They reached their room again;
The next thing was the "eats" to prepare,
As if 'twere quarter of ten.

Upon the bed they sat to dine,
The cream puffs first they ate,
When, "Heavens! what was that?" Ruth cried,
All jumped to investigate.

They mashed the cream puffs on the spread
When they went to find the noise,—
The "Chap's" black gloves right in the midst—
But it must have been the boys.

Just then a step came down the hall,
The girls began a-hopping;
The night clerk thundered through the door:
"This noise you must be stopping."

"We've made no noise" they all declared,
And then went back to bed;
'Twas four A. M. ere lights were out,
And the "eats" had vanish'ed.

They slept two hours by the clock
Perhaps not quite so much.
For they were up when break of day
Woke them with a gentle touch.

A bright thought came to two of the maids,
"First must we have a bath!"
They started out to find "what sort
Of bath this hotel hath."

They wandered to another floor,
Two bath-rooms came to view,
And lucky Edith had her bath—
The quicker of the two.

Just as she had finished came a voice,
"This bath is private, Sis";
But Alice lost hers at the start,
The whole thing must she miss.

But what to do the whole day long,
Was o'er and o'er discussed,
For they had missed the early train,
And pass the time they must.

To go to church would be too slow,
To walk — their feet were sore;
They set their suit-cases in the hall,
And hurdled o'er and o'er.

When tired of that, to something else
They turned with tireless zeal;
Mare Island claimed attention next
At time of the noon-day meal.

The question was to get across
Before the regular ferry,
Many a launch hailed in vain,
And they were peevish, very.

At last they went as most folks do
On the S. P. ferry-boat,
And Stewart, who was with them then
Turned out to be the "goat."

He paid the fares three times or more,—
The gate-keeper was cross:
But "S" seemed not to mind a bit
This great financial loss.

An hour on this island great
Was all that they could stand,
And glad were they when they could put
Themselves on the mainland.

At last they started to the train
E'en yet a merry crowd,
And now with many boys along
Their voices sounded loud.

The boys in kindness were the drays
Which took the girls' suit-cases,
The girls were merry as before,
The boys had longer faces.

At North Vallejo station fine
Their pictures they had taken,
This served for some who sleepy felt
Their interest to re-awaken.

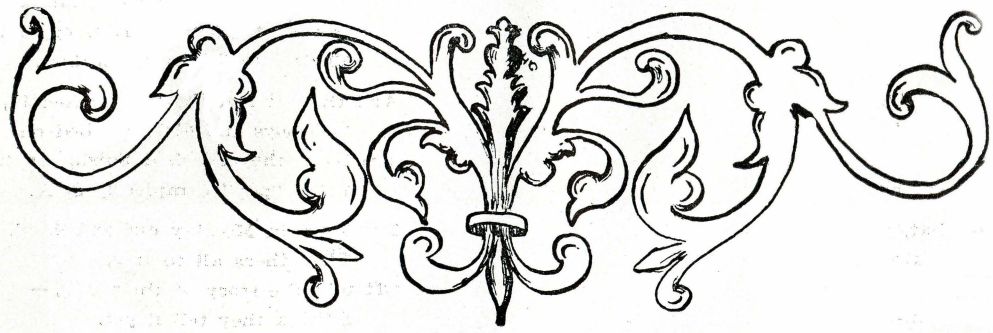
And then at last the train rolled in,
The boys and girls climbed on,
Tired out they reached Suisun again,
Their "pep" completely gone.

The four on Monday out at school,
The others all to fret,
Oft told the story of their trip,—
I think they tell it yet.

SONNET ON RAIN

Earth now doth like a garment wear
Nature's green fields and smiling flowers,
And gentle winds rustling thru at all hours,
Inspired by the Sun's most tender care
What is it that is in the ethereal air,—
That which speaks of unknown devine powers?
It creates light or heavy winged showers;
'Tis not with other wonders to compare.
Rain! that already chanced to fall,
This broad earth has it all devoured;
And grateful mortals sound their praises loud,
For the dear God has answered their call.
May we be granted ever our requests
Altho our prayers appear but foolish quests.

M. N., '12.



THE CLASSES



SENIOR

'12

STEWART BROWN
President

RUTH FIREHAMMER
Vice President

SAM MARTIN
Secretary

EVERETT LAMBRECHT
Treasurer

June, '12! How little did we appreciate or realize the magical significance of those two words four long years ago Why, we never even tried to! We were so overcome by our importance and the great honor we are bestowing upon Armijo Union High School, simply by our presence there, that our young untrained minds could not realize that some time we would no longer be an ornamental, if not detrimental part of that learned institution. Because were we not the nicest, best-looking class ever ushered in. Of course, we were!

Our coming was hailed with delight by the whole school, faculty included We now wonder if any class was ever more beloved! This was surely due to our extraordinary mental capabilities not only in our lessons but also in our mischevous pranks and winning ways.

Time flew by quickly and before we were aware of it, we were Juniors with only one more year to travel to the now fully realized goal. During this time four of our members had left but Edith Nash and Therese McCoey came to replenish our ranks. This year was happy and fortunate. We had said an excellent reputation of "speed" in our Freshie and Soph years and we certainly lived up to all expectations.

Our class organized, elected Marshall Woolner, president, Sam Martin, Secretary and Mabel Nelson, Treasurer. Now commenced the most exciting class meetings ever witnessed in the history of the school. They certainly were "speedy". First of all, we chose class pins, the most serious event translated in our organized career. Such things as candy sales and parties followed in quick succession. Who has forgotten the "spooky" Hallowe'en party given by us? As a fitting climax came our glorious reception to the Seniors.

It was also in this year that marked talent in various times began to reveal itself. Marshall Woolner started his brilliant career in acting, Everett Lambrecht and Louis Borges made names for themselves in track and all the boys distinguished themselves in baseball of whom any class might well be proud.

At last we have climbed to the top of the ladder the Senior year—the last and happiest year of all. The following were elected to represent us: Stewart Brown, President; Ruth Firehammer, Vice President; Everett Lambrecht, Treasurer and Sam Martin, Secretary.

This year has been the climax to all our efforts. We have shown our loyalty and love for the old school during the four years of our school life in a manner hardly to be disputed. Are we not the class ever to be graduated, sixteen in number? Have we not stood by one another during all our school career, shouldering heavy responsibilities creditably? Have we not always taken the school's interests to heart? The difficult task of editing a school paper under such adverse circumstances is a splendid example of our school spirit. But we have enjoyed it to the fullest extent. Our school life has not been made entirely of responsibliities. No class has ever enjoyed its good times as we have, but we can only hope that others may.

We are going through all the duties and formalities of a graduating class now. Our class day comes first with all its worrying detail and hard work and if hard work counts, it certainly ought to reflect some glory upon us. Commencement night and the Juniors' reception to us follow. After that we will no longer be members of Armijo High School. Many friendships that have grown throughout our school life will necessarily be broken. Each will go his separate way and we wish each other the greatest happiness and success in the future. May we never be forgotten but held in the memory of all our teachers and friends.

R. C. F. And S. M., '12.



EDITH NASH



CLARENCE GLASHOFF



ANNABEL RUSH



MARSHALL WOOLNER



RUTH FIREHAMMER



EVERETT LAMBRECHT



MABEL NELSON



LINTON WHITBY



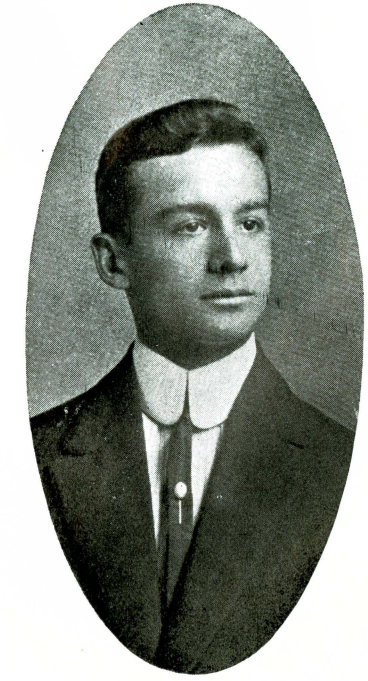
ALICE MASON



SAMUEL MARTIN



THERESE MCGOEY



LOUIS BORGES



HELEN HAINES



STEWART BROWN



GRACE FINNE



HOMER BURRELL

CLASS WILL

We, the famous class of 1912, Seniors in the Armijo High School, said school being situated in the city of Greater Fairfield, being in a state of sound mentality and finding that we are approaching the state of immorality, do desire to bequeath to our friends who will remain in this institution of learning, all of our moral and earthly properties and to that effect do we make the following gifts, to-wit:

First—To the Juniors, our successors, a sample copy of human energy.

Second—To the Sophomores, our favorite "Old Armijo" (Read contents carefully.)

Third—To Miss Morgan, a chance to publish the school paper next year.

Fourth—To Mr. Passmore, owner of the book entitled "The Real Chinese Question."

Fifth—To Miss Doyle, a copy of "Roberts Rules of Order."

Sixth—To Mr. Firehammer, everything after all other things.

Seventh—To Miss Howell, a book on "Rules for Composition", also a year's rest.

Eighth—To the Basket-Ball team, Success.

Ninth—To the Track Team, better moral habits at the next S. C. A. L. meet.

Tenth—To the Baseball team, next year's pennant.

Eleventh—To the Literary societies, everlasting life.

Twelfth—To the Faculty, new members.

Thirteenth—To Legora, a dress.

Fourteenth—To Johnny Wilson, a little of our height.

Fifteenth—To Earl Ellis, a haircut.

Sixteenth, To all enterprises undertaken by the students, some financial assistance.

Seventeenth—To athletic boys, some new lockers.

Eighteenth—To the tennis players, the price to have the tennis court cleared off.

Nineteenth—To Mrs. Lawrence, a new lawn mower.

Signed,

CLASS OF 1912.

GRACE FINNE
RUTH FIREHAMMER
HELEN HAINES
EDITH NASH
ALICE MASON
THERESE McCOEY
MABEL NELSON
ANNABEL RUSH
LOUIS BORGES
STEWART BROWN
HOMER BURRELL
CLARENCE GLASHOFF
EVERETT LAMBRECHT
SAMUEL MARTIN
LINTON WHITBY
MARSHALL WOOLNER

We, the undersigned, do certify that the above Will was read before and approved by us this 5th day of May, 1912 A. D.

In witness whereof we hereinto set our hands and seal.

ALL MEMBERS OF CLASS

GRACE FINNE
RUTH FIREHAMMER
HELEN HAINES
EDITH NASH
ALICE MASON
THERESE McCOEY
MABEL NELSON
ANNABEL RUSH
LOUIS BORGES
STEWART BROWN
HOMER BURRELL
CLARENCE GLASHOFF
EVERETT LAMBRECHT
SAMUEL MARTIN
LINTON WHITBY
MARSHALL WOOLNER

PROPHECY

"Woolner and Company Circus! Most thrilling, astounding and awe-inspiring performance ever given. The world's cleverest performers. 100 acts in 100 minutes. Fairsuisunfield, Aug. 3, 1941."

This announcement in huge print above the flaring pictures of a circus poster attracted my attention from the street car windows, soon after arriving at Fairsuisunfield.

Having become leader of the Teddycrats I had met Theodore Roosevelt while he was running for his sixth term, and had become his third and well beloved wife. I was now electioneering for him thoughout the State of California and had reached the prosperous city of Fairsuisunfield. Before the car had stopped at the city hall I had decided that it would be of little use to make a speech for great crowds of people were making their way towards the circus tents. I decided to take an afternoon off and go to the circus myself.

The performance had not begun when I arrived so I started to take in the side shows. Imagine my surprise when in the first little tent I recognized Clarence Glashoff who was eating wriggly snakes with rapidity and evident relish. In my mad rush into political life I had lost track of the members of my class in Armijo and was delighted to see Clarence, especially acting in such a fitting capacity. After Clarence had finished swallowing another large green and yellow one, we shook hands warmly and I inquired whether he knew in what part of the globe the other members of the class of '12 were.

"Why, we're all here together in the show except you," he answered. "You know while we were in Armijo we always felt that Marshall would do something great in the world. Well, he's head of the circus and we're the Company. A success from beginning to end."

"Renowned Circassian Beauty—Countess De La McCoey

Living Skeleton—Frauelin Grace Finne.

Fat Man—Herr Homer Burrell.

Celebrated Bearded Lady—Madamoiselle Whitby," was printed and illustrated on the tent as indicating the wonders within. Yes, there were Therese, Grace, Homer and Linton, as happy and contented as of yore, all except Grace who had grown very emaciated and peevish. Linton, of course, did not look quite natural in skirts but with the aid of a few fat smiles from Homer and the tactful remarks of the Circassian Beauty we became quite at our ease together.

I now entered the main tent where everything was in full swing. Who was that bespangled, fairy like, little creature poised on the toe of one little slipper upon the huge elephant's back? Why Annabel Rush! Oh how dainty and sweet! And surely that ludicrous clown could not be Everett Lambrecht, outdoing himself feeding spearmint chewing gum to the elephant.

"Ah Ladies and Gentlemen. Miss Ruth Firehammer introduces her clever trained cats! Of all the captivating little creatures, those cats were especially so. And the gracious manner with which Ruth put them through their simple little tricks which she had taught them was charming.

"Ladies and Gentlemen!" Where had I heard that pompous and authoritative voice before? Oh! Stewart Brown of course, waving his whip in a truly awe-inspiring manner. "Ladies and Gentlemen, Monsieur Louis Borges will give an illustration of his wonderful flying trapeze performance." The slight delay occasioned by Louis' lightning change from peanut and pink lemonade dealer to trapeze actor was scarcely noticed and with an "All right over here," Louis went through his part with a smile. And then such a thrilling event! Wild broncho busting by Mabel Nelson! Mabel held the fiery steeds under perfect control and fell off only occasionally and then with great dignity.

Another performance reflected especial credit upon the class of 1912. The elephants imitated Alice Mason perfectly in the waltz step, gliding around with much grace. I was sorry to see Alice looking so weary and dragged out, but I suppose elephantine waltzing is heavy work.

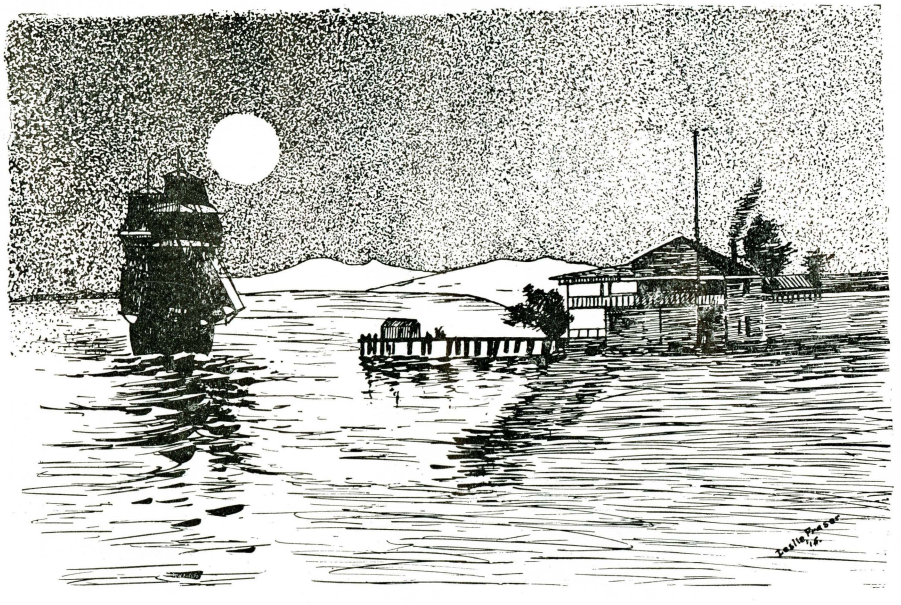
I didn't recognize the Loop-the-Looper at first, riding around loop after loop at a furious rate, for he was much

swathed in leggings, goggles, etc. But after the event I saw that it was Sam Martin, not a particle changed.

Edith Nash walked the tight rope without an accident but greatly worked upon the sympathies of the audience by Squealing "Mama! Mama!" every now and then on her way.

In the concert afterward I received the full worth of my 10 cents watching Marshall Woolner dance the late rags such as the Spiral Twist and the Kiss Kiddie Hug with the concert girls. It seemed that at first Marshall disliked the quiet life of just being manager and so succeeded in getting more before the public eye in this way.

And so after the show was over it was natural that I should have the happiest feelings of pride and joy because the members of the class of 1912 had become so famous and had undertaken so successfully such a noble work.



	NICKNAME	APPEARANCE	OCCUPATION
1. Louis Borges	"Steve"	Frenchy	Cutting up in Physics
2. Stewart Brown	"Farmer"	Majestic	Running A. U. H. S.
3. Homer Burrell	"Spareribs"	Pensive	Changing his Seat in Physics
4. Grace Finne	"Fat"	Plump	Laughing
5. Ruth Firehammer	"Rudie"	Cute	Screeching
6. Clarence Glashoff	"Cad"	Noisy	Helping Marshall
7. Helen Haines	"Miss Haines"	Unruffled	Has none
8. Everett Lambrecht	"Shorty"	Shrimp Like	Showing his medals
9. Therese McCoey	"McCoey"	Huge	Writing papers
10. Sam Martin	"Mose"	Cherubic	Being bad.
11. Alice Mason	"Slat"	Striking	Collecting dues
12 Edith Nash	"Edie"	Bright	Asking questions
13. Mabel Nelson	"Mabe"	Wise	Driving down from Vacaville
14. Annabel Rush	"Gussie"	Blank	Calling meetings
15. Linton Whitby	"Whitby"	Learned	Teasing the girls.
16. Marshall Woolner	"Cap"	Lively	Writing poetry

	CHIEF FAULT	FAVORITE ANIMAL	AMBITION	DESTINY
1.	Losing his temper	(Just likes girls)	To win everything	Matinee idol
2.	Breaking everything including the speed limit	"Goat"	To be President	Dog-catcher
3.	Talking about Napa	Creston sheep	To go to Napa	Napa nut-factory
4.	Being too noisy	A rat	To reduce	Opera singer
5.	Looking at the boys	Cow	To get married	Running a cat farm
6.	Talking too much	Duck (wild)	To be a commedian	Missionary to China
7.	Quoting proverbs	Snail	To be left in peace	Thirteen children
8.	Chewing gum	Giraffe	To grow taller	Knight of the road
9.	Giving history reports	Mouse	To write a book	Hair-dresser
10.	Tardiness	Motor-cycle	To go faster	Head waiter in Cordelia Hotel
11.	Borrowing pencils	Snake	To get into politics	Bare-back rider in Ringling's
12.	Talking about folks in Winters	Cat	To be amused	In a rest-cure
13.	Being quiet in Physics	Potato-bug	To get first sections	An agriculturist
14.	Studying Dutch in History IV	Water-dog	To get out of work	Member of the Legislature
15.	Arguing	Himself	To write an Algebra	Grave digger
16.	Ragging	Monkey	To make himself heard	Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal

SENIOR WEEK PROGRAM

Sunday, June 2, "Baccalaureate Sermon" at the Congregational Church.

Wednesday, June 5, "Senior Farce."

"A CRAZY IDEA"

James Stone .....Stewart Brown
Beatrice—His young wife, ... Helen Haines
Eva—His daughter by his first wife .....Ruth Firehammer
Tom Blaine—His nephew, a student of medicine,.... Louis Borges
Daniel Webster White—a colored gem'man of
many accomplishments ..... Linton Whitby
Gustave Puders— A composer .....Clarence Glashoff
Julius Button—Who flees from creditors but is caught
by a mother-in-law ..... Everett Lambrecht
Lillian Tussel—A comic opera singer ..... Grace Finne
John Davis,—From Kokomo ..... Marshall Woolner
Catherina—His wife ..... Alice Mason
Augusta—Their daughter ..... Annabel Rush
Samuel Hicks—Stone's friend from the rural districts,Sam Martin
Neil Browning—Eva's suitor ..... Homer Burrell
Mrs. Miller—A widow ..... Therese McCoey
Hill—A shoemaker ..... Sam Martin
William—Stone's servant ..... George Hay
Dora—Stone's servant ..... Edith Nash
Anna—Lillian's maid ..... Mabel Nelson
A Constable .....George Hay

Thursday, June 6, Commencement Exercises
Address by Professor T. H. Reed,
Musical Numbers,
Presentation of Diplomas.

Friday, June 7, Junior reception to the Seniors.

CLASS POETRY.

Ruth Firehammer:

"Of all her parts, the eyes alone express
The swe_test kind of bashfulness,"

Louis Borges:

"Anger's my meat!"

Grace Finne:

"For if she will, she will
You may depend on't.
And if she won't, she won't
So there's an end on't."

Stewart Brown:

"We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow."

Helen Haines:

"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."

Clarence Glashoff:

"What e'er he did was done with ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please."

Alice Mason:

"In her cheek appears a pretty dimple
Love made these hollows."

Everett Lambrecht:

"He above the rest
Stood like a tower."

Therese McCoey:

"When she will play with reason and discourse,
Well she can persuade."

Homer Burrell:

"He hath a lean and hungry look."

Edith Nash:

"Her hair was crowned with sunset rays."

Samuel Martin:

"A mischief-making monkey from his birth."

Mabel Nelson:

"Sweet promptings unto kindly deeds were in her very look."

Linton Whitby:

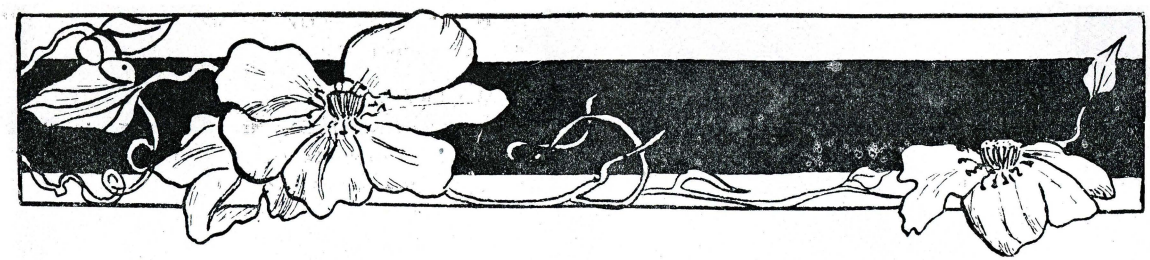
"In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater."

Annabel Rush:

"Come not within the measure of my wrath."

Marshall Woolner:

"I never dare to write
As funny as I can."



CLASS RECORD

Louis Borges:

Manager of Track Team; Excelsior; Executive Committee; Captain of Baseball Team; Senior Farce; Heermance Program.

Stewart Brown:

President of Class '12; Business Manager of "Mezclah"; Manager of Baseball Team; Executive Committee; Secretary of S. C. A. L., Senior Farce.

Homer Burrell:

Captain of Boys' Basket Ball; Excelsior Society; Senior Farce.

Grace Finne:

Captain of Girls' Basket Ball Team; Excelsior Society, Senior Farce; Staff Typewriter.

Ruth Firehammer:

Vice President of Class of '12; Excelsior Society; German Club; Senior Farce.

Clarence Glashoff:

Baseball Team; German Club; Excelsior Society; Senior Farce.

Helen Haines:

President of German Club; Excelsior Society; Literary Editor of "Mezclah"; Senior Farce.

Everett Lambrecht:

Captain of Track Team; Basket Ball Team; Excelsior Society; Senior Farce.

Alice Mason:

Secretary of Associated Students; Literary Editor of "Mezclah"; German Club; Excelsior Society; Senior Farce.

Samuel Martin:

Secretary of Class '12; Excelsior Society; Senior Farce.

Therese McCoey:

German Club; Excelsior Society, Heermance Program; Senior Farce.

Edith Nash:

Excelsior Society; Heermance Program; Senior Farce.

Mabel Nelson:

Secretary of German Club; Excelsior Society; Senior Farce.

Annabel Rush:

President Executive Committee; Editor of "Mezclah"'; German Club; Excelsior Society; Senior Farce.

Linton Whitby:

Secretary of Executive Committee; German Club; Excelsior Society, Senior Farce.

Marshall Woolner:

President of Associated Students; Josh Editor of "Mezclah"; Manager of Boys' Basket Ball Team; Executive Committee; Excelsior Society; Heermance Program; Senior Farce.

JUNIOR



CLASS OF '13

In the year of nineteen ten, in the month of August, about twenty-two timid little Freshmen entered the halls of Armijo High School, after combating successfully with the county examinations.

On the first day Mr. Dyer kindly told all wayfarers on which side of the big Assembly Room to sit, for some of the poor Freshies had actually made the awful mistake of sitting in Senior Row.

For several days after one might see a "greenie" wandering around the hall trying in vain to find Room 4 or Room 2 until some big Senior or kind teacher gave the necessary instructions. Thus in mingled joy and woe we came to be "Sophs" in 1911. Quite a few had dropped out and some were left behind to still be "freshies."

Here we met "Julius Caesar" in two classes, English '11, and Latin. But it wasn't half as bad as we expected, for in English we had Miss Skinner and in Latin, our Professor, Mr. Dyer. And so, quite eventless, our Sophmore year closed, and in the following August we were Juniors with a class enrollment of twelve. Juniors! Just think of it! We looked back with pity upon the harmless little Freshies and Sophs, who thought they were quite "IT."

We were not Juniors long when a couple of energetic members placed the number in our class in its proper place—on the roof of the barn.

We soon organized and elected our officers as follows: Russell White, Pres.; Arthur Sadler. Vice Pres.; Nell Peabody, Sec.; and Treas. Later on in the year, after many meetings, we, at last, selected a class pin; a very neat little emblem.

Now as Commencement draws near the Juniors are especially busy getting ready for a big reception to be given in honor of the Seniors, in June. Then,—just wait until next year when we become Seniors!

N. P. '13.

SOPHOMORE



CLASS OF '14.

The Class of '14 has proved from the very first that it is not an ordinary class. There were no fearful and trembling countenances to be seen those first days, and the manner in which the hazing administered by the upper classmen was received, denoted that its members were true "sports." Such spirit quickly made the class become a necessary portion of the school and has made it remain so.

Forty-eight names were entered on the Freshmen roll, with an equal division between the Commercial and Literary courses. During that year the only loss in numbers was the departure of two of the members to another high school. The most notable events to the class during the year were the Freshman Skating Party and the Freshman Debate.

At the beginning of the present school year a few of the new Sophomores failed to return, having sought new fields of pleasure and work. However, with the addition of several from other schools, the class is still able to boast that it has the largest enrollment of any in Armijo. Of those who had chosen the Commercial course, only the braver spirits remained to struggle with trial balances and knotty discount problems. Judging by the echoes from the geometry class however, that is not more enjoyable.

The class organized and the following officers were elected: Edgar Long, Class Representative; Lagora Sarasin, Pres.; Ray Connelly, Vice Pres.; Willie Wilkinson, Sec.; Earl Ellis, Treas. Through failure to agree, pins have not yet been chosen.

Although there have been few class events as such, of note, the Sophomores have taken a prominent part in all school activities. They have participated in the Friday programs, the public entertainments, the boys have covered themselves with glory in track and baseball, and last but not least they have been good and faithful (?) students.

Such is the history of the class one thousand nine hundred fourteen.

A. N. '14.

FRESHMEN



CLASS OF '15.

In August of 1911, there entered Armijo one of the largest and most precocious Freshmen classes in the history of the school. They were a happy crowd and have never yet experienced those thrills of fear usually common to all Freshmen.

After becoming thoroughly accustomed to the manners and customs in Armijo, they organized, and elected the following officers: President and Class Representative, Will Bryan; Vice President, Herbert Woolner; Secretary and Treasurer, Lester Upham.

Our first year in Armijo has been both jolly and profitable and when, as Seniors, we look back upon our first year of High School life, it will be with a feeling of satisfaction.


Louis Borges '12
SOCIETY

SOCIETY

A. U. H. S. opened August 14, 1911 with the record breaking attendance of one hundred. A few have left since then but others have taken their places. The Sophomore Class has been the principal sufferer having lost Richard Hoyt, Roy Lucks, the Munger twins, and Clifton Chadbourne.

About the first of the term class spirit was manifested by the appearance of the large white numerals of the Junior and Senior classes.

Miss Doyle took the Sophomore English class down to San Francisco to see Mantell in "The Merchant of Venice."

A week later Miss Howell and the Seniors saw Mantell in "McBeth".

Mr. Dowe, the Suisun photographer, came out and took a view of the whole school out in front of the High School building. The track team also had their pictures taken in honor of their victory at Vallejo.

The candy sale given by the Junior class about the middle of the term was well patronized. We could stand a few more candy sales.

We have received visits from Professor Washbourne, U. C. and Professor Benton from Stanford and the school was duly accredited to both universities.

Last Hallowe'en, an enjoyable dance was given by the school to raise money for "The Mezclah". Although the dance was a failure in a financial way, this was more than made up for by the fun gotten out of it.

A special program was held on Lincoln's day. The program presented by the pupils, a civil war talk was given by the Honorable A. J. Buckles.

The whole school went to Suisun to see the demonstration train from the University Farm at Davis. This was instructive as well as entertaining.

The second attempt to make money for the school paper proved more successful than the first. It consisted of a program followed by a dance. The following is the program:

Selection.....High School Orchestra
Chorus..... "The Roughnecks."
Violin Solo.....Willard Batchelder
Recitation.....Miss Pearl Mason
Selection.....High School Orchestra
Essay on Girls.....Herbert Woolner
Piano Solo.....J. R. Chadbourne Jr.
Vocal Solo.....Mrs. J. W. Meredith
Instrumental Solo.....The Misses Finne

Farce "An Economical Boomerang."

Mr. Alexander Dabbleton, suddenly seized with an economical streak ..... Marshall Woolner
Mrs. Alexander Dabbleton, who although disagreeing, acquiesces ..... Miss Edith Nash
Mr. Bird Plover ..... Arthur Sadler
Mrs. Bird Plover ..... Miss Mildred Wilson
A dctor who is laboring under a misapprehension ..... Herbert Thomas
Maggie, who if she wasn't Irish, might have been "Frinch" ..... Miss Lucile Lenahan

HEERMANCE TROPHY

At the beginning of the year Mr. Heermance offered a gold watch to be presented as a trophy to the most successful student in some line of competitive literary work.

This was the incentive of our Athena and Excelsior Societies. From each Friday afternoon program rendered by these societies, two students were chosen, by a vote of the societies, as contestants in the final Trophy program. Three contestants were also chosen from the entertainment given on February 23d.

The Trophy entertainment was arranged for May 3rd, in which the numbers were selected so as to give each one an equal chance.

Principal J. I. Martin, of Benicia High School, Miss Prince of Benicia, and Miss Tobin of Vallejo, president of the County Board of Education, acted as judges.

The program arranged was as follows:

Vocal Solo.....Daniel Silveria
Recitation.....Miss Pearl Mason
Violin Solo.....Miss Grace Finne
Farce, "Twenty Minutes Under an Umbrella."
Cousin Frank.....Russel White
Cousin Kate.....Miss Ruth Roe
Piano Solo.....Miss Lulu Garst
Recitation.....Miss Lucile Lenahan
Vocal Solo.....Miss Carol Carpenter
Piano Solo.....Miss Ruth Firehammer
Debate, "Resolved that Capital Punishment Should be abolished."
Affirmative.....Miss Therese McCoey and Edward Atchison
Negative.....Harry Johnstone and George Hay
(Mr. J. H. Firehammer presided during the debate.)
Violin Solo.....Russel Mayhood
Farce, "Ici On Parle Francais."
Marshall Woolner.....Mr. Spriggins
Miss Gertrude Connelly.....Mrs. Spriggins
Homer Burrel.....Major Rattan
Louis Borges.....Victor Dubois
Miss Adalena Lawrence.....Anna Maria
Miss Nellie Peabody.....Angelina
Miss Alma Nelson.....Julia
Vocal Solo.....Miss Edith Nash
Violin Solo.....Willard Batchelder.

Louis Borges was the unanimous choice of the judges, and was awarded the watch by Superintendent White in a few appropriate remarks.


EXCHANGES

EXCHANGES

We are very glad to receive so many Exchanges and we hope more will come in for our next issue. We hope that our suggestions will be taken kindly and that you will profit by them. Also, do not be afraid to criticise ours as that is the only way we can improve.

We value our Exchange column very highly, as this is the only means we have of keeping in touch with other schools.

"Potpourri," Auburn: Your stories are excellent. Your cuts show a good deal of originality, but are poorly executed. The person in charge of the ads has done good work.

"Enterprise," Petaluma: You are badly in need of cuts and your paper should be better classified. We are glad to get a paper that does not need any ads to help support itself.

"Hill Crest," Rio Vista: Your paper will be greatly improved if you will keep all your ads in the back; also more cuts.

"Aurora," Anderson: A paper of your size should have a table of contents, otherwise it is a neat paper.

"Far Darter," St. Helena: You are a neat little paper but more cuts would improve it. You have some good poetry and your Joshes are real spicy. You should be proud of your Basket Ball Team.

"Oak Leaves," Morgan Hill: Your stories are good but why not have some poetry? A table of contents would improve your paper. The arrangement of your subject matter is good.

"Sequoia," Red Wood City: You are a classy paper all the way through.

"Aegis," Oakland: You are the best Exchange we have. You have the most artistic cover design that we have ever seen on a High School paper. We are very glad to have an Exchange like you.

"Pine Breezes," Placerville: You have a very striking cover design and your paper is well classified. Your cuts show too much sameness. Why not have one or two that are more elevating?

The Ilex," Woodland: Where are your cuts? Some of your departments are lacking. You have a very enterprising business manager. Your cover design is very artistic.

"The Echo," Santa Rosa: You have a neat cover. Why not keep all the Joshes in the Josh department? Your photographs are excellent.

"Ye Chronicle," Pomona: Your ads should all be placed in the back, otherwise you have a good paper considering that you get it out monthly.

"Sea Urchin," Pacifiic Grove: Your cuts are good. We would suggest that you keep all your stories together and do not have ads on the back of your cover.

"Napanee," Napa: Your cover design of your Christmas number is very beautiful and is very artistic. "The Letter" in your Commencement number is good.

"The Owl," Fresno: You get out a good paper for a monthly. Your Joshes should be more personal and original. Your Exchanges are written up well.


ARMIJO
A

DEDICATED TO MARSHALL

When I consider how to one bright youth
This sonnet writing is the merest play,—
He who the present Senior Class will say
With one accord, and yet with simple truth,
Has written quite delightfully to Ruth,
Or,without effort, in a lovely way
Of Caesar's razor causing him dismay,
And Sam'l's speedy motor "bike," in sooth,
Or any other subject, great or small—
I wonder if 'twere not an easier plan
For us who needs must burn the midnight oil,
To somehow coax that boy to write them all;
And even if we should receive the "can",
We'd surely save ourselves a lot of toil.

TO THE PHYSICS CLASS

Oh! Physics Class! To thee I do indite
These feeble lines upon the glorious night
Of this loved class so full of joy and mirth,
In which last named you sure have reached the height.
In here we ponder over sound and light
And heat and such things of this earth.
Of other rhymes I now perceive a dearth
So must another track pursue with all my might,
Amid the noise of busy motors' hum
And sirens' roar—the happy children play.
We well can know that things are going some
When forengn objects start to come our way;
So chalk, erasers, rulers, books and gum
Each one must strive to dodge, the live long day.

ORGANIZATIONS.

STUDENT BODY

At the beginning of the first Semester of the 1911-1912 term of the Armijo Union High School, the Student Body was re-organized. It had become scarcely more than a name; the athletic and other societies having taken over the management of school affairs. This has proved too unsatisfactory so the old Student Body and the other societies were disorganized. A new committee was then created under the name of Executive Committee, the first duty of which was to draft a constitution for the new Student Body. The ratification of this constitution by the students completed the re-organization of the Student Body, which was known as the Associated Students of Armijo Union High School. Under the new constitution the Athletic as well as all other societies were made subordinate to the Student Body. One regular meeting was held last fall, and several special meetings have been called by the president. The officrs of the A. S. of A. U. H. S. are: Marshall Woolner, President; Raymond Connelly, Vice President; Alice Mason, Secretary; and Louis Borges, Treasurer.

EXCELSIOR AND ATHENA SOCIETIES

Early in the fall term the custom of holding literary and musical programs was inaugurated, the Senior and Freshman classes together and the Junior and Sophomore classes being held responsible alternately for the fortnightly Friday afternoon programs. Later when a trophy was offered by Mr. J. G. Heermance of Suisun to the student who should be voted the most successful competitor chosen in a public contest to be taken part in by those who were chosen at the Friday programs, it was found necessary to form two literary societies. These were the Athena and Excelsior, membership in which was optional with the students. Each society was organized with a charter membership of about twenty, and other students who wished to, joined later. The Athena Society organized permanently with Nellie Peabody as president, while the Excelsior Society elected no regular presiding officer. The programs were arranged for by committees, appointed anew every two weeks. A friendly rivalry has existed between the two societies, which has resulted in very interesting programs.

"DIE FROHLICHEN KINDER"

"Die Frohlichen Kinder" was organized in January of this year to give the students of the Junior and Senior classes practice in conversation in the German language. Meetings have been held on alternate Fridays and plans for passing the hour pleasantly have been formed by committees appointed at each session by the President. Often the programs have been of a social nature, playing games,—as "German Fruit basket turn over," at other times of an instructive nature,—as spelling matches. The last meeting was held at night. A literary program consisting of recitations, readings and singing was rendered by the members, after which refreshments were served. On the whole the meetings have not been in vain, for the students now converse quite fluently.

The officers for the past year have been: President, Helen Haines; Vice President, Harry Johnstone; Secretary, Mabel Nelson.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

When the old Student Body was disorganized, the Executive Committe took temporary charge of the management of school affairs and has held weekly meetings throughout the term to act as an advisory body to the A. S. of A. U. H. S. The membership of this committee consists of one representative each from the Tennis, Girls' Basket Ball, Boys' Basket Ball, and Track Teams, and one from each of the four classes, and one from the Faculty, and manager of the H. S. paper. The representatives are as follows: Annabel Rush, Senior class; Milton Roberts, Junior class; Edgar Long, Sophomore class; Will Bryan, Freshman class; Miss Howell, Faculty; Harriet Smith, Girls' Basket Ball; Marshall Wolner, Boys' Basket Ball; Linton Whitby, Tennis; Stewart Brown, Baseball; Louis Borges, Track; and Stewart Brown, Manager of paper. Annabel Rush holds the office of President, and Linton Whitby that of Secretary.

THE CRESTON AMUSEMENT HALL

Glashoff & Woolner, Prop's

I. Indian War Whoop ..... H. Burrell
Explaining difference between noise and music
(Burrell supplies the wind)

II. Light Opera Selections..... Sam Martin (Basso.)
Assisted by ..... L. Whitby, (Tenor.)
(a) King Lagerbeer,
(b) Everybody's chewin' it now,
(c) Mary's Slidin' out the Windo'.

III. Dancing act by..... Tetrazzini Firehammer
Introducing fancy and latest rags
(a) Rattlesnake Glide,
(b) Fairfield Jelly Wabble,
(c) Armijo Wiggle,
(d) Spoonbill Hobble,
(e) Suisun Turkey Trot,
(f) Craby, Slaby, Blaby, Crawfish Rag.

IV. The Third Floor Back, or Down in the Cellar.
(Roaring Farce Depicting Life in Scandia City.)
Introducing Amateur Boneheads.
Dramatis Personae.

O. U. Sound Foci ..... E. Lambrecht
I. M. Resonance ..... S. Brown
Mr. Bonehead ..... H. Burrell
Joyful Harmony ..... L. Borges
Z. P. Reflection ..... L. Whitby
Do-mi-sol Dominant Scale ..... M. Nelson
Sweetly Wave Length ..... A. Mason
Angelina Treble-Clef ..... A. Rush
V. The Lobster Chorus ..... Ensemble
The Great Song Hit, Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! That Galvanometer Rag

VI. Closing Address—Bugs and Bughouses .....C. Glashoff

VII. S. Martin ..... Monologue (or Let us Pray).

Note—Peanuts will be peddled during the performance by Marshall Woolner.



The members of the earlier graduating classes have become so scattered that it has been almost impossible to get complete lists. Therefore it was deemed advisable to record only the last three.

CLASS '09.

Walter Parker — working at Cement.
Blanche Glashoff — teaching school at Binghamton.
Madge Swim — attending University of California.
Marie Hyatt — working at the court house.
Lester Dickson — staying home.
Harry Nelson — attending University of California. He has been awarded a State of California scholarship for next year.
Mercia Smith — teaching in Fairfield Grammar School.
Audrey Cooper — residing in Suisun.
Amelia Glashoff — residing at Cordelia.
Asa Scarlett — attending University of California.
Hiram Rush—residing in Suisun.
Carol Davisson—teaching school at Lockford, near Stockton.
Mrs. Wright (nee Pearl Lambert)—residing in Cement.

CLASS '10

Anina Torp—teaching school at Salem.
Gilmer Whitby—searcher of records in J. Griffith's law office.
Walter Peabody—working on fruit ranch.
Mark Haines—working in San Francisco.

CLASS '11

Ralph Mason—attending business college in San Francisco.
Elmer Burrell—working on ranch.
Vera Harford—attending San Jose Normal.
Janet Smith—attending the University of California.
Mabel Morrill—residing in Fairfield.
Clara Joyce—attending business college in San Francisco.


ATHLETICS

TRACK ATHLETICS

The Annual Track and Field Meet of the Solano County Athletic League was held in Vallejo, April 20, 1912. and resulted in an easy victory for Armijo with a score of 77½ points, the highest number of points ever scored by one school in the league.

Although Armijo expected to win they did not expect to do by such a large margin and the team itself was surprised at the achievement; as a local paper said, "It was scarcely more than a matter of grabbing things from a Christmas tree for the Armijos."

Armijo took the lead in the point column from the very first and was never headed. It was an ideal day for a track meet and the track was in fairly good condition.

Lambrecht of Armijo was easily the star of the meet, wining three first places and one second, scoring eighteen points in all.

Vallejo captured second place with 27 5-6 points; Benicia, third with 26 1-3 points, and Vacaville fourth with 1 1-3 points. The remaining schools failed to score.

The following is the order of events and winners:

50 yard Dash—Ellis, Armijo; Pommetta, Benicia; Dalton, Benicia. Time 5. 2 Sec.

Mile Run—Selby, Benicia; Coleman, Vallejo; Hogan, Vallejo. Time 5.05 Min.

High Jump—White, Armijo; McDonald, Vallejo; Ellis, Armijo and Pommetta, Benicia, tied for third place. Height 5ft. 6in.

Hammer Throw—Lambert, Armijo; Garbin, Armijo; Elson, Benicia. Distance 145ft. 8in.

High Hurdles—Lambrecht, Armijo; Long, Armijo; Dalton, Benicia. Time 16.1 Sec.

100 yard Dash—Ellis, Armijo; Lambrecht, Armijo; Greaver, Benicia. Time 10.1 Sec.

Pole Vault—Borges and Long, Armijo, tied for first; Pometta, Benicia; McCoy, Vacaville, Luchsinger, Vallejo tied for third place. Height 10 ft. 2 in.

440 yard Dash—Brown, Armijo; Coleman, Vallejo; McClain, Benicia. Time 56 Sec.

Broad Jump—Greenwood, Vallejo; Ellis, Armijo; McCoy, Vacaville. Distance 19ft. 5in.

220 yard Dash—Greaver, Benicia; Borges, Armijo; Whithorne, Vallejo. Time 24·Sec.

Low Hurdles—Dalton, Benicia; McDonald, Vallejo; tied for first place; Borges Armijo. Time 28.2 Sec.

Shot Put—Lambrecht, Armijo; Garbin, Armijo; Dick, Vallejo. Distance 42ft. 4in.

880 yard Run—Lambrecht, Armijo; Coleman, Vallejo; Williams, Vallejo. Time 2:13 Min.

880 yard Relay Race—Armijo, Benicia, and Vallejo. Time 1:41. (Ellis, Long, Bray and Borges composed the winning relay team for Armijo.)

On May 18 the track team went to Napa to participate in a meet between Napa, Vallejo, Benicia, St. Helena and Armijo. The teams from Vallejo, St. Hlena, and Benicia, however, failed to appear so it turned out to be a dual meet between Napa and Armijo.

Armijo took the lead by winning the first three events, the hammer throw, 50-yard dash and the 120-yard high hurdles. Napa soon caught up in the latter half of the meet and finally won out by a score of 74 to 51.

Napa's victory was due in a large part to the track that the meet was held on. It was only 207 yards long and rectangular in shape with sharp turns at its four coners. The Napa team, since they used it as their training grounds, were used to it but the Armijo boys couldn't negotiate the corners very well. On account of this Armijo lost first places in the 220 and 440 yard dashes, the half-mile and the 220 yard hurdles by very small margins. Armijo won all of the races that were run on a straight course. We must say that Napa won the meet fairly and gave us a fair chance and a square deal in every race. The same evening the boys were given a banquet by the Napa boys at which everybody had a fine time and enjoyed himself thoroughly.

BASKETBALL

Soon after Basketball was taken up a practice game was played with Vacaville at Suisun. It was a very close and exciting contest and both teams played a good game. It resulted in a victory for Vacaville by the score of 24 to 25.

Armijo opened the Basketball schedule by playing Vallejo on Jan. 28th, 1912, at Suisun. The team was a fairly good one considering that it was the first Basketball team ever produced by Armijo. The team was, however, handicapped owing to the absence of its captain, H. Burrel. But the boys played a good game even though they did lose by a score of 1 to 11. The team lined up as follows: E. Long and S. Brown, goals; E. Lambrecht, center; R. White and H. Thomas, guards.

Armijo played its second league game at Suisun on Feb. 10, 1911 with Benicia. The Benicia team showed the results of practice and were easily the victors although the boys put up a good fight.

The team lined up as follows: S. Brown and H Burrell, goals; E. Lambrecht, center; H. Thomas and E. Long, guards.

The next two games were forfeited by us owing to the fact that the boys had to go to Esparto and Dixon to play these games at their own expense.

The last game scheduled for Armijo was forfeited to us by Winters. Esparto won the pennant by defeating Dixon.

BASEBALL

The baseball team this year is nearly the same, with a few exceptions, as that which won the S. C. A. L. pennant for Armijo in 1911.

In the fall of 1911 the team played four practice games, three with Vacaville and one with Dixon in all of these games the team showed up to good advantage. For the winning team of the game between the winners of the two sections the league will provide a pennant for the season of 1912. The lower section is composed of Vallejo, Benicia, and Armijo while the upper section is composed of Dixon, Vacaville and Esparto. Of the latter groups Dixon has already proven herself the winner by defeating Esparto in a scheduled game, Vacaville having withdrawn from the schedule on account of the defeat that they received at the hands of the Dixon team in a practice game on May 1.

Of the former group Benicia beat Vallejo at Benicia on May 11, 1912 by a score of 10 to 3. On May 18 Benicia came to Suisun expecting to defeat Armijo since they had so severely defeated Vallejo the previous Saturday. The Armijo team itself was'nt expecting to win as the team was crippled by the absence of four of its members. M. Woolner the regular second baseman, was absent on acount of sickness and C. Lambert, sub-pitcher, E. Long, first baseman and L. Borges, third baseman were participating in a field meet at Napa. The team was thus severely crippled but the vacant placese were filled by able substitutes.

Owing to the wonderful curves and speed of our pitcher, A. Shinkel, Armijo won by the overwhelming score of 7 to 1. Shinkel was in fine condition and allowed but three hits and secured eighteen strikeouts. None of the fielders had a chance to show their real worth except at the bat where every member of the team got one or more hits.

Below is the line up that played:

L. Upham C.	F. Soares 2nd B
A. Schinkel P.	C. Glashoff S. S.
S. Brown 1st B.	L. Fraser 3d B.
H. Burrell L. F.	D. Silveria R. F.
L. Whitby C. F.	





WARNING

These joshes are original and adapted, new and antiquated, a mixture of nonsense and foolishness, an omelette of words, verbal hash etc.—contributed freely and removed forcibly from the over-burdened breasts of the Armijo students.

NOTICE

Should these joshes seem too personal, please don't blame the Josh Editor. Should you wish, however, to obtain satisfaction for the blow to your dignity by marring the physiognomy of the said Josh Editor, please give the office five days notice to give him time to leave the country.

NOTICE

Owing to the fact that these joshes have no point, a paper of pins will be given 'gratis' with each copy.

DIRECTIONS TO ENJOY THE POINT OF THE JOSH

Read josh carefully with mind composed. Quickly swallow a pin accompanied by a glass of water. You will then enjoy the point of the josh.

By the time this paper appears in print the Josh Editor will have retired to his summer home in San Quentin. All mail address to the warden of said establishment.

Not wishing to get into any controversies, the Editor (Josh) will not express his political opinions. However, we will say that we will support Taft because he is greater (by Two Hundred lbs.) than any other candidate.

Miss Howell.—"What does the curfew mean now?"
Frank S.—"Twice, to beat it home."

Miss Doyle.—"Russell, please refrain from singing?"
Russell M.—"What does refrain mean?"
Will B.—"The chorus of a song."

Clarine to Agnes.—"I like this piece of paper."
Agnes.—"Why?"
Clarine.—"Because it Russell(s)."
Agnes.—"Well, I like this piece of paper."
Clarine.—"Why?"
Agnes.—"Because it is Long."

She.—"Poor Bill was killed by a falling stone."
He.—"Yes, he was rocked to sleep."—Ex.

Miss Hollow (in English).—"What does band-box mean?"
Arthur S.—"A place where the band sits."

THE BOSTON STORE

SUISUN

J. G. HEERMANCE

WATCHMAKER
AND JEWELER

USE "BIRD BRAND"

BUTTER

THE "PRIZE WINNER"

SOLD BY ALL FIRST-CLASS GROCERS

LEWIS H. THOMPSON

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NOTICE TO SUFFRAGETTES!

Miss Mildred Wilson is to run for Judge.

Mr. F.—"Do any of you know anyone who has been to the Philippine Islands?"

Maud.—"I do."

Mr. F.—"Will you ask him about the time there?"

Maud.—"I can't, he's dead now."

Mr. Passmore (in chem.).—"How could you distinguish between mercurous chloride and silver nitrate?"

Arthur.—"Silver nitrate will burn warts off and mercurous chloride won't."

LATIN

Haec in Gallium important—

Hike into Gaul, it's important.—Ex.

Question.—Why do they call actors hams?

Answer.—Well, because people always like them wasted; they're always on the hog; frequently served with eggs; and as soon as they hang around a while they are given the hook.—Ex.

INFORMATION WANTED

What did R. White and his father see in the hall of the St. Vincent?

Ask Miss Howell.

Ruth Firehammer (translating German).—They knelt and noiselessly covered their faces to their knees.

Miss Doyle (in Physics).—"We will take the next lesson on light."

Bright "Stude."—"I hope it will be a light lesson."

"Johnie, are you a minor?" asked one of our teachers.

Johnnie looked surprised and answered.—"No ma'am, I'm a farmer."

R. D. SMITH

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SUISUN, CAL.

CALLS ANSWERED DAY AND NIGHT. TELEPHONE

GEOMETRICAL ENGLISH

Proposition 1.

Theorem:—When an irresistible body meets another irresistible body, neither one can resist the other.

Given:—(1) Will Bryan, an irresistible body.

(2) E. Nash, an irresistible body.

To prove that Will Bryan cannot be resisted by E. Nash and vice versa.

Proof:—1. Given Will Bryan is irresistible—he cannot be resisted by E. Nash.

"Human Nature" Bk. 1., Prop. 1.

2. Given E. Nash is irresistible—she cannot be resisted by Will Bryan.

"Law of Love" Ax. 1., (note 1.)

(Also Note what Happens.)

Cor. 1.:—When two irresistible bodies meet they will be united.

Proof:—The proof is left to Time.

At field meet after R. White had won a gold medal in high Jump.

Mr. White.—"I'm glad you're good for something, kid."

N. Peabody (in chemistry).—Mr. Passmore, where can I get a piece of hydrochloric acid?"

M. R. (in German).—"How much is a mark (25c.)?"

W. B.—"From 1-4 in Armijo.

Verdant Freshman:—Oh, see that Auto! The fellow's expeeding the ceed limit.

Armijo's wireless.

The tennis court fence.

Latest marconigram arrived at the receiviug station.

Earl Ellis hasn't shaved for a week. Send Police!

IN MEMORIAM

In memory of R. White, who bled to death in the Assembly Room. Apr. 1, 1912.

WANTED

An elevator for Vallejo Hills.

FOUND

A small goat marked "Vallejo" straying near Suisun. Owner may have the same by restoring Armijo pennant.

A FRESHMAN'S NOTE OF EXPLANATION

Father:

I have gone down the "slew".

Lovingly,

"Bill."

Miss Doyle (in English),—Every time I open my mouth, I get my foot in it.

Mr. Passmore.—"Aileen, what is a straight line?"

Aileen.—"A straight line is the shortest line between two straight points."

Mr. F.—"Arthur, if you were applying for a position what would you give as your qualification?

Arthur S. (hurriedly) —"I am quite healthy."

Miss Doyle (explaining the mercury barometer experiment) "The six inches of space in the upper part of the tube is vacuum."

W. Bryan.—"Oh, Miss Doyle, we have made six inches of the stuff they clean carpets with."

Said a bald headed man to a waitress bold,
"See here, young woman, my cocoa's cold."
She scornfully answered: "I can't help that,
If the blame thing's cold put on your hat."—Ex.

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WANTED

Two hats.
Homer Burrell and Stewart Brown.

Expert Pool playing ..... St. Vincent.
H. BURRELL.

First Cannibal.—Our chief has the hay fever.
Second Cannibal.—"What brought it on?"
First Cannibal.—"Oh, he ate a grass widow.—Ex.

What is the most nervous thing in the world—next to a girl?
"Me—next to a girl," replies H. Garben.—Adapted.

"See here, waiter!" I found a collar button in this pie."
"Didn't see anything of an umbrella did you, boss? Dah was one lost here last night."—Ex.

Question—"Raymond, have you a natural ear for music?"
Ray C.—"Yes, both my ears are natural."

AT MARE ISLAND

Miss Howell.—"Stewart, shall I sign my name or yours?"
Stewart.—"Oh, its all the same."

POPULAR BOOKS IN ARMIJO

Rabbit-hounds and Their Habits.
A. Sadler.

Bear-Hunting in Plumas County.
G. Hay.

Revised Physics.
E. Lambrecht.

There was an old man from Terrentum
Who gnashed his false teeth till he bent'em
When asked what he'd lost
And what they had cost
He replied, "I don't know, I just rent'em."—Ex.

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Mary had a buzz wagon
She fed it on gasoline
It spouted grease and motor oil
T'was certainly some machine.

Mary to the city went
The motor went along
Alas! The gasoline blew up
Therefore, I end this song.—Ex.

Little Willie from his mirror
Sucked the mercury all off,
Thinking in his childish error
It would cure his whooping cough.
At the funeral Willie's mother
Smartly said to Mrs. Brown:
" 'Twas a chilly day for Willie
When the mercury went down."—Ex.



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MAJESTIC HALL

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Entirely out of the way of all cars

Question in Physics. "Describe Daniel's Cell."
Answer. "I didn't know he was in jail."

All Gaul is divided into three parts of which the Executive Committee owns two and three-fourths.

Student.—That Armijo Basket Ball team plays an exceptionally rare ball.
Outsider.—Yes; its so rare it's almost raw.

Where is the Armijo pennant
Oh, where did the pennant go?
Said a "stude" with a bow, a pained look on his brow,
It's with the Angels now.

Miss Doyle (in English).—"Where was Caesar stabbed?"
Bright Soph.—"The conspirators had arranged to stab him in the Senate, but, owing to a misunderstanding, Casca stabbed him a little below the throat."

SAGE ADVICE

If athletics interfere with your studies, drop your studies.

Mr. Passmore (in History).—"Linton, you do not seem able to express yourself."
Voice in back of room.—"Third class freight."

PROVERB FOR BALL PLAYERS

A bat in the hand is worth two in the nose.

WANTED

By Ed Long.
A key to the Irish Language.
By Clarence W.
An interest in the S. J. N.
By Lucile.
A corner in the Hay market.

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FOUR MEN

The Man who Knows Not and Knows Not that he Knows Not, He is a Fool.
——Avoid Him——

The Man who Knows Not and Knows that he Knows Not. He is Worthy.
——Teach Him——

The Man who Knows and Knows Not that he Knows. He is Asleep.
——Wake Him——

The Man who Knows and Knows that he Knows. He is Wise.
——Follow Him——

Most Everybody Knows—

DO YOU KNOW?

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SUISUN, CALIFORNIA

Mr. Firehammer—What kind of a measure does a tailor use?
Adolph—Yard measure.
Charlie (brilliantly)—Tape-measure.

Miss D.—Russel, take your seat.
R. M. (promptly)—Please tell me where to take it!

Miss Doyle (to E. Lambrecht)—Everett, why don't you walk faster?
E. L.—Well! I don't want to wear my shoes out.

Miss Doyle—Who is the heroine of the Merchant of Venice?
Clarence W.—Shylock.

A "Hug"—Energy gone to "waist".—Ex.

Saddler was taking Chemistry
And mixed some X, Z, and Y.
The "Chem Lab." blew up with an awful bang
And poor "Sad" passed up with a sigh.

Lagora (to Ruth R.)—Do you want me to "kith" you?
Ruth—Yes, nothing can make me sick.

Question—Why is the door shut?
Answer—Because it isn't open.



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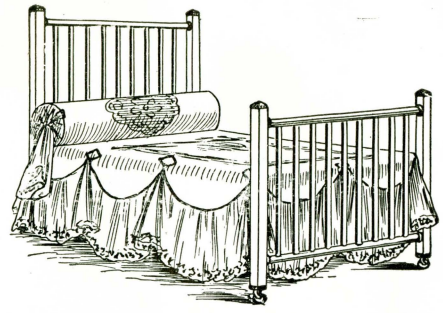
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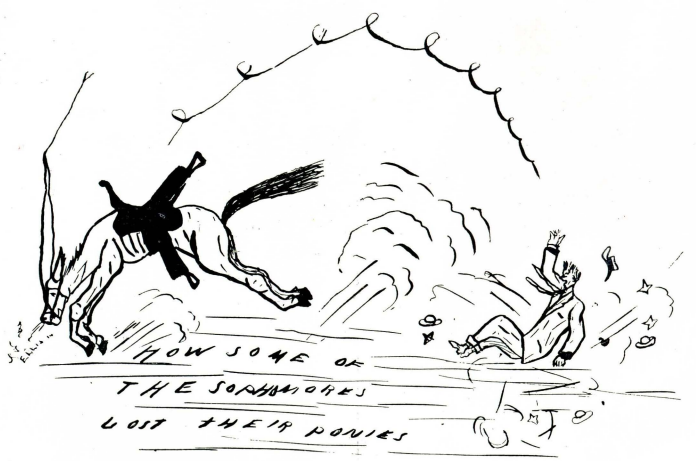
A LITERARY MULLIGAN

"Trouble, trouble, toil and trouble,"
Said old Julius Caesar as he shaved his stubble.
"They said the best was a safety Gillette
But I've cut myself fifteen times and I'm not shaved yet."

"The die is cast," he said at last
As once again his face he slashed.
But worse and worse did old Jule holler
Till he split the back of his Sunday collar.

Just then he heard an awful roar
And Ariovistus entered in the door.
The razor bounced back with a fearful quack
And laid the old Gaul out on his back.

"I've killed him dead or I'll be bound."
Said Caesar as he tore at his old night gown.
"And whether the weather be dry or wet
I'll always use a safety Gillette."



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SUISUN, CALIFORNIA

There was a fair young girl named Finne
She was not very fat nor yet skinny
But the way she could yell
None her could excell
Her equal lives far beyond Guinea.

Miss Finne to Vallejo did go
That town in which west winds do blow
When arrived at the station
She set her voice in vibration
Till her beautiful face did glow.

The way we slammed those guys was a shame
They lost but they are not to blame
We owe our good showing
To a girl's fine crowing
Miss Grace Finne was her name.

DAFFYDILLS

If Miss Morgan should Fire(a)hammer and Miss Doyle Passmore, would Miss Byrd Howell?
If the freshies are green, is Russel White?
If Alice is a Mason is Carol a Carpenter?
If Edgar wanted help, would Agnes Len(d)ahan(d)?
If a sail broke would Ruth Roe?
If a chicken is tough is a locomotive tender?

The colors of Armijo.
Three shades of Brown and White.

To whom it may concern. If you've a roughneck, have your neck shaved.

"GUM"

"We chew gum in Suisun on account of nervousness and the dryness of the atmosphere," says Mildred Wilson.

"We also chew it because we like to have something in our heads that does not tire our minds; also because we don't get exercise enough in other ways; also because in company it saves conversation; also it lends free and easy grace and innocence to the face; also we must bite on something; also it is cheap; also because lots of people make a living selling gum; also lastly and most important because "Everybody's Doing It."

Mezclah '12